

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.
Not all the lip can speak is
worth
The silence of the heart.
—J. Q. Adams.

Some Further Illuminating Observations By The Manicure Lady and The Head Barber Appear Below

The Times' Daily Magazine Page

THE TEST OF AFFECTION.
The lips may beguile,
With a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection's a tear.
—Lord Byron.

Columbia

The Face That Launched a Thousand Ships; Once It Was Helen's of Troy

By NELL BRINKLEY
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Saving the Nation's Birds

By S. Gilbert Pearson,
Head of the Audubon Society and
One of the World's Greatest
Authorities on Bird Life.

CORMORANTS live in almost all the countries in the world. But if one wishes to find them, it is necessary to look along the seacoast or about large lakes, where the supply of fish is abundant, and fish and eels being the cormorant's favorite food. At certain seasons of the year, if you were to examine a cormorant's nest, you would be sure to find the remains of eels.

webbed feet. After a short time we were glad to liberate her. There are twenty-five kinds of mormorants, all bearing a close resemblance to each other. They have heavy bodies, long necks and short, stout legs. The young birds are covered with black down. When they are large enough to leave the nests they climb about the branches of the trees. In doing this they often lose their balance. But instead of falling into the water as one might expect, the hook on their long bills invariably catches on the perch, and by dint of much scratching they are able to regain their former position. In some parts of the South the popular name for the cormorant is "Nigger Goose."

a struggling victim in its mouth and finds itself unable to swallow its victim on account of the strap. It at once swims for the boat and the boatman relieves it of its prize. It repeats this performance until its master is satisfied with the day's catch. The cormorant's nest is made entirely of dead twigs and small branches, often with a few green twigs and leaves placed at the top. They measure usually about a foot across. The eggs are a pale, bluish white, and measure about two and a half inches in length by one and a half in width. They build their nests in colonies where the conditions are suitable. I once counted eighteen trees scattered along a shore for a distance of a mile and a half. A few of these trees contained a single nest. Others had two, six, eight, ten and even twelve, while in one I counted no less than thirty-eight cormorant houses, each with its eggs or young birds.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

"I SEEN some dandy moving pictures last night," said the Manicure Lady. "There was one about a beautiful girl that loved a gent and got turned down by him on account of him meeting her chum and liking the chum better. Gee, George, you should have saw her face when she seen the truth!"

"I don't care for any moving pictures except the comical ones and the pictures that show troops landing or marching off somewhere," said the Head Barber. "Life is sad enough without that kind of pictures, the ones you seen. They oughta censure them, or whatever they call it. That's what they oughta."

"I think that kind of pictures is showed to make folks think," said the Manicure Lady. "Maybe when a gent that is inclined to flirt sees a picture like that he will go home and resolve not to trifle no more with no young girl's affection. Anyhow, I hope it will have that effect, though goodness knows I never seen th gent yet that could trifle with my heart. Plenty of them tried it but all they ever got was the laugh."

"I used to tell them that I felt sorry for them, but lately I don't even let them down that easy. Male flirts is one of the worst menaces to the bulwarks of our civilization, as one of them lady writers said recently. Male flirts is worse than female flirts, because most everyone figures out that gent is sincere when they fall in love."

"If I was single there wouldn't be no more falling in love for me," said the Head Barber, gloomily. "I got bawled out good and proper before I left home this morning because I stayed out playing billiards half an hour longer than I said I would last night. I couldn't make the Missus believe I was in no billiard hall."

"Maybe you wasn't," said the unfeeling Manicure Lady. "I read somewhere once that married men always said they was playing billiards when they stayed downtown."

late at night, and that statistic showed only one married man out of fifty knew how to play billiards well enough to like the game. "That ain't so," said the Head Barber. "Almost any man can play billiards well enough to like the game. It ain't much of a trick to learn. You wouldn't think it was hard if you seen the shape of some of the heads in a billiard parlor. And nearly every gen likes the game, and besides, every married man likes to get out with the boys once in a while. It ain't right to be cooped up in a flat all the time, and if married folks sees each other too much they are apt to get tired of each other's society."

"Goodness knows that could never happen up to our house," said the Manicure Lady. "I guess outside of

Stories of Interest

Sherbet in Persia.

The great beverage in Persia is sherbet, which is plentifully supplied, and of which there are many varieties—from the bowl of water with a squeeze of lemon to the clear concentrated juice of any sort of fruit to which water is added to dilute it. The preparation of sherbet, which is done with great care, is a very important point in so thrifty a country as Persia, and one to which much time is devoted. It may be either expressed from the juice of fruit freshly gathered or from the preserved extract of pomegranates, cherries or lemons, mixed with sugar and submitted to a certain degree of heat to preserve it for winter consumption. Another sherbet much drunk is called guzangabeh; it is made from the honey of the tamarisk tree. This honey is not the work of the bee, but the product of a small insect or worm living in vast numbers under the leaves of the shrub. During the months of August and September the insect is collected and the honey is preserved. When used for sherbet it is mixed with vinegar and, although not so delicious as that made from fruit, it makes an excellent temperance beverage. Only among the rich and fashionable are glasses used; in all other cases sherbet is served in china bowls and drunk from deep wooden spoons carved in pearwood.

'Chaplain of the Trenches'

A number of wounded soldiers recently had been landed at a southern port in England, when one of them was overheard to say to a comrade: "There's no mistake, one does meet some sporting padres at the front. Near B— I met one who seemed to be a kind of free lance. Battalions came and went, but he stayed on in his dug-out in the second line as if he'd settled there for life. He knew that part of the line better than any man living, every nook and cranny in it, and when any party got fagged and wanted a guide nobody could help them as well as the padre. And I'm bound to say nobody could have been more willing to help. He labelled his dug-out 'The Vicarage.' One day two men belonging to a draft fresh out from home—Cockneys they were—came along the trench. 'Look here, Bill, if 'ere ain't a bloomin' vicarage!' said one to the other. Out pops the padre at that, with half his face lathered, as he was having a shave at the time. 'Ye, says he, and 'ere's the bloomin' vicar! What can I do for you?' Imagine how the Cockneys looked! They say that padre applied officially to be appointed 'Chaplain of the Trenches.' Well, he belonged, all right; he was one of us!"

Fighting for Prizes

DO YOU STRUGGLE FOR YOURS?

Or Do You Drift Along Without Trying to Turn Your Talents to Account?

By Beatrice Fairfax.

DO you win your prizes? Or is a special one awarded to you now and then because you are the superintendent's nephew or the principal's son? Do you work for what you get, or are you too lazy to go after what you really want when "something just as good" might be given you without any effort on your part? Jerry Robeson is a good-looking chap to whom liking flows in a smooth and untroubled stream. His smile fairly invites the world to make friends with him, and that part of the world which is not too busy to do it proceeds to cultivate Jerry.

The type of man who runs down to Palm Beach to escape the Winter or out to the Canadian Rockies to avoid the Summer calls Jerry a fine fellow. Girls whose idea of a perfect day is "luncheon, tea, dinner, dance," like Jerry tremendously—they find him "so dependable."

Now it happens that Jerry has more in his favor than a pleasant smile and a way of wearing his clothes. He has a good mind, an active mind, a mind that would easily be brilliant if it were spurred by any inner goad. But Jerry is under no particular necessity for using that good mind of his. From a loving grandmother he inherited enough thousands a year to enable him to live well, without putting up any fight for the where-with-all to buy him what either need or fancy dictates.

Jerry likes to enjoy life. He doesn't have to work, but he does have to keep himself amused, or the active mind which has nothing to "bite on" would turn ravenously and tear its owner to pieces.

Jerry paints a bit—but once when he was in the middle of a very charming portrait, Mrs. Norton phoned to say that she was taking some people down to Pinehurst for golf and would he go? Jerry dried his paint brushes and went; and he kept on drifting South until he found himself in Rio. By the time he got back his model was married and he had decided that painting wasn't his forte anyway.

Then Jerry thought of reorganizing the factory from which most of his income accrues. He and the superintendent had a plan for betterment of conditions almost worked out when Jimmy Vinton phoned to

say they were short a man for a trip out to the coast in his father's private car and wouldn't Jerry come. So Jerry went.

When he got back from that trip, he met a rather charming young woman at a dinner. Marjorie Grier was sweet and fine and pretty, and besides all that, she was an earnest young person whose keen mentality and ardent sympathy made her just as successful a Settlement Worker as her family and beauty and charm made her in the role of society girl.

By the middle of the dinner Jerry knew he wanted to see Marjorie again. By the end of the dinner, he had told her so. And Marjorie gave him her telephone number and her address and her assurance that she would be glad to hear from him. And Jerry promised to help in some of her Settlement class and felt almost as deeply stirred by her fine earnestness and the things he felt it demanding of him, as he did by her beauty and loveliness, and the share of them both he felt vaguely he might some day demand.

And the next morning someone invited Jerry for a trip through the Panama Canal—and he went. By the time he got back, Marjorie had married a fellow Settlement worker. Jerry told himself that he was too darned popular for his own good. He told his particular pal that he was too good-hearted; people were always coming along with plans he hadn't the heart to refuse and that prevented him from ever doing the things he really wanted to do.

I know a good many Jerrys—are you one of them? Do you drift along at the beck and call of people who have nothing better to do than to beckon and call? Do you fail to know all the people who are worth your while because you never have time to call them or call on them? Have you a collection of good impulses which never amounts to anything because you are always being invited to do something else before you have time to learn the full beauty of your own plans?

It seldom occurs to the Jerry Robesons of this world that they are weak, lacking in initiative or even lazy. It is so easy to say "yes," people who come along with suggestions which sidetrack you, which carry you away from the fountain and source of honest endeavor. To rush from pursuit to pursuit, with pleasure fitting up just ahead, isn't even fun. It steals from you before you have made any preparations to live!

Sweet Content Stories

By Edith Hixon.

SWEET Content, our rosebud fairy, met Betty Buttercup in the fields the day before the ball in daisyland. The daisyland folk always give a ball every June to the rest of flowerland. Betty Buttercup had about her neck a shining gold star of wondrous beauty.

"Where did you find such a beautiful star?" inquired Sweet Content.

"Radiant Gleam, the moonbeam, gave it to me," answered Betty. "He picked it out of Flery Flax's pocket and brought it to me."

"You'd better return it," warned our fairy. "Flery Flax is apt to be angry. Anyway, I wouldn't wear it to the ball, because he will be there." Flery Flax, the starlight fairy, was noted for his quick temper. Flery Flax's wife, loved him very much. Every one loved her; so perhaps that is why they were kind to Flery Flax.

Betty Buttercup teased her head laughingly. "It matches my gown so well that I simply must wear it." Sweet Content went to the ball early, for she was troubled. Daisyland was ablaze with lights, while the magic ring was full of entrancing fairies. Betty Buttercup was there in her golden gown, dancing merrily with Radiant Gleam. Twinkle-eyes, with Flery Flax, was close by when Flery Flax caught sight of the star blazing on Betty's white neck.

He stopped her, asking, "Where did you get my star, my golden charm which keeps me safe from harm?"

Betty jumped a bit, but answered, "Why, it is not your star."

"It most certainly is," exclaimed Flery Flax, his eyes shooting sparks to earth.

Betty Buttercup, as well as Sweet Content, ever since looks up into the heavens at Radiant Gleam as he shines there and warns fairy babies of the danger of stealing. She has never told another lie, for she learned a lesson well. She loves Sweet Content more than ever for saving her from such a terrible fate.

Household Suggestions

An envelope closed with the white of an egg cannot be opened by the steam of boiling water, as the steam only adds to its firmness.

If a cauliflower is tied up in a piece of muslin it can, when cooked, be easily lifted from saucepan to collander with no risk of being broken.

When washing silk or cotton gloves iron them when nearly dry. It greatly improves their appearance.

Knives and forks which have been used for fish should be dipped in tea leaves before being washed,

and all smell of fish will be thus removed.

To clean carved ivory ornaments, make a paste of sawdust slightly moistened with water or lemon juice. Spread the paste on the ivory and allow it to dry thoroughly, then brush it off carefully with a soft brush.

To peel ripe tomatoes without putting in hot water, press the berries edge of the blade of the knife gently all over the surface of the tomato, then make an incision in the skin with the sharp edge of the knife and it can be peeled off and the tomato served immediately.

HICTANER--"The Man Fish"

The Abduction of Moissette By Severac Is Discovered



"Oh, Master," He Said, "the Young Lady Has Been Taken From Her Room."

FULBERT and Oxus were covered with confusion. Their minds were busy explaining how and why the unbelievable had come to pass. Hictaner knew himself to be an offspring of the human race. They imagined that he must have met some one who had taken to him and mapped out a plan of action for him. It had all taken place within a few hours.

It could have only happened at the Lost Isle. But none of the inhabitants of the subterranean chambers had left their posts. Of that Oxus and Fulbert were certain.

Unless Severac— But what likelihood was there that the engineer had met Hictaner by chance on the rocks and amused himself by telling him of his human origin? In this case, too, Severac would first of all have revealed the process by which the newborn babe had become a hybrid—a manfish. And then, when could the two have met?

Not in the afternoon, for Fulbert was practically certain that the engineer had not stirred from his room while the priest was awaiting Hictaner in the grotto and Oxus in the laboratory. But even then the fact that Severac had not revealed the kernel of the secret was inexplicable—as inexplicable as a half revelation.

No; it could not have been Severac. Who, then, was it?

Fulbert made these reflections swiftly, after Hictaner finished speaking. They did not bring him any light whatever and his confusion was such that he did not know how to reply to Hictaner.

The outcome of their plotting was so unexpected, so sudden and so serious to Fulbert and Oxus that they were mentally disabled for the moment.

Thus was the combined love of two simple children superior to the wisdom and machinations of the fiercest of men.

Fulbert marshaled his forces to return his opponent's attack in the moral duel, when the loud ringing of a bell was heard on the other side of the bronze door.

Oxus sprang forward at once, for such a signal always meant something serious. Fulbert, however, waved him back to the electric battery, while he stretched open his hand and touched one of the buttons of the signal table.

The door flew open and Scipio entered hurriedly, haggard and out of breath.

"Master! Master!" cried the negro. "But when he beheld Hictaner he was transfixed. He had never seen the manfish. He had never suspected his existence. So the sight of the strange man with the silver body stupefied him. He was dumb and motionless as a statue."

Oxus had an intuition of evil. "Scipio," he cried, "what has happened?"

answering, followed by Hictaner, madly and perplexed. Fulbert and Scipio were at their heels.

They reached Moissette's room together. It was in great disorder.

"Dora heard strange noises," the negro explained quickly. "She came to her mistress's room. She saw that her Mademoiselle was gone, and noticed the confusion. She was frightened, and awake me. I came running to her. You see, my mistress' dress was dragged in the ink which was spilled. I followed the trail it made. Come!"

Following the black line left on the carpet, the four men went into the alcove, along the passage, and back to the stairs. They were led to Severac's room.

"Then I understood it all," said the negro. "I ran to the trap door and was out upon the rocks just in time to see Severac push out the boat. Our mistress lay stretched out in it."

"I plunged into the sea, but it was

useless, for the launch was going quickly. When I climbed back on the rocks it had already disappeared. Then, master, I went and rang the bell of the laboratory."

"Hictaner to leave the Isle," said Fulbert, with authority.

He turned to speak to Hictaner but the disturbed young man was so pitiable that Fulbert had a great light. His eyes were gleaming with tears, and his whole body was trembling and his mouth was drawn with fury and with pain.

"My son," Fulbert cried out, "you have seen Moissette. You love her?"

"Yes, my father," replied Hictaner, passionately.

"Then come. Save Moissette first. Catch the traitor. We will explain afterward. Take the Torpedo."

A moment later Hictaner, Oxus, Fulbert and Scipio were bending over the Torpedo.

Oxus was examining the machinery.

"It is ready," he said.

"In which direction did Severac go?" the priest asked Scipio.

"Master," stammered the negro, dumfounded by all he was seeing, "he left from the side of the rising sun."

"He will try to reach the Indian Ocean, and perhaps Bombay, which is the most convenient port."

"My son," cried Oxus. "Go and bring Moissette back to us."

"Bring us Severac as well," commanded the monk.

"I will be back soon," said Hictaner simply. He waved them all out imperiously and the door of the basin was closed hermetically behind him.

Hictaner pushed down a switch fixed to a glass plate on the wall. Two minutes later he pushed down another switch. A whole wall of the basin revolved, leaving a passage just wide enough for the Torpedo to go out. Beyond the passage was a submarine grotto, and beyond the grotto the vast stretches of the sea.

Hictaner opened a compartment of the Torpedo and took a glass mask from it, which he put on.

He lay flat upon his face in the hollow of the Torpedo's deck, and rested his chin upon the rubber block. He pressed first one of the buttons before him, then another.

A metal circle rose automatically from the deck, encircled Hictaner's hips and was fastened like a belt. Thus man and machine became one. Meanwhile the Torpedo was rising. As Hictaner pressed the buttons the screw turned and the rudders fixed the direction.

The Torpedo left the basin, crossed the grotto and headed for the sea, rising gradually to the surface of the water.

The sun was just rising when they reached the upper air.

Hictaner unfastened the metal circle which encircled him, and stood up free on the deck of his marvelous submersible.

He cast his far-seeing eyes along the horizon from rising sun to setting sun, from north to south, but it was deserted.

Moissette's lover raised his arms in a threatening gesture, and in a ringing voice he cried aloud:

"Moissette, the ravisher could carry you to the heart of earth's greatest continent and still I should find you!"

A few seconds later the Torpedo was speeding toward the entrance to the Persian Gulf at the rate of 100 miles an hour, five yards under water. There it could block the passage for Charles Severac's launch.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

APPROVED RECIPES

Good food properly cooked goes far toward insuring health and long years. As much depends on the cooking, however, as on the food itself. The following recipes have been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, conducted by GOOD HOUSE-KEEPING, and are republished here by special arrangement with that publication, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine.

All measurements are level, standard half-pint measuring cups, tablespoons and teaspoons being used. Sixteen level tablespoons equal a half-pint. Quantities are sufficient for six persons unless otherwise stated. Flour is sifted once before measuring.

Orange and Date Salad.

(Calories 1,850.)

One box dates (14 ounces), 3 oranges, watercress, 1 cake pimiento, 4 cupsful chopped walnuts, French dressing, lemon or orange juice.

Stuff dates with nuts mixed with the cheese, roll in either lemon or orange juice; peel oranges and take all the skin off, pull apart and place alternately with dates on watercress. Serve with French dressing. Stewed prunes and celery may be used in place of the dates and nuts for variety.

"Three Ice" with Cream.

(3,500 Calories.)

Three lemons (juice), 3 oranges (juice), 3 bananas, 2 cupsful sugar, 2 cupsful water, 4 pint cream. Put all together except cream in a large bowl and let stand one hour. Then strain through colander, mashing the bananas through with a potato masher. Pour into a freezer, add cream and freeze. These amounts will serve about ten persons.